

JERU THE DAMAJA – A.R.M.E.D. LYRICS

[intro]

wait a minute, wait a minute
wait a minute, wait a minute
wait a minute, wait a minute
wait a minute, wait a minute

[verse 1: jeru the damaja]

man this sucka n-ggas stabbed me on some opp sh-t
man this n-gga thinking, she drinking my love liquid
jeru p-ss the heat, ride the beat
mic twisted overseas with a breeze
best believe double fisting please
cover the ears of your seeds
this sh-t explicit
to some i'm trouble
double bubbles call me king's horrific
load up linguistics, the ruler of rhythmic
the god of rhyme, you know the time
eastern, standard, or pacific
sinful
my words manipulate your mental
when i chump your style on general principle
build spiritual
shorty wobble, doubt make you physical
put fire to the mic
till it secrete crazy chemicals
the way i murder mics is criminal
and if you press up dog, you messed up
you gon' need dental work
agonizing pain, cause the truth hurts
on a plane getting brain
with my hand up her skirt
for that last line
you'll probably think i'm a jerk
but can't deny that i'm fly
on the mic put in work
drop a bomb make emcees disperse
this sh-t wicked
like klan members bombing a church

[verse 2: (?)]

hey yo i'm clean with the slicing
mean with the dicing

beans with the rice and
fiends screaming my sh-t
jeru that's live sh-t
flyig with a pilot
private, we first cl-ss
reverse that
(?)
f-r-e-s-h
i'm in the south chiefing
while you in the house sleeping
i'm with your spouse creeping
waking up to (housekeeping)
that's when i'm out sneaking
leave her with the mouth leaking
out s-m-n
thanks for the wild weekend
i get cash wired
and i blast iron
through cast iron
its the vampire
i suck the air out of your flat tire
you look tired
n-gga just retire
(you're fired!)
before i chop you up like benihana's
and have you stressed with a gray beard
like kenny rogers
f-cker

[verse 3: (?)]
i'm all for mathematics
you n-ggas lenny kravitz
big jew from new york
they call me jacob javitz
you a devil, every cell in me is asiatic
i'm old school but don't you take me for no geriatric
never catch me in a skirt wearing a heavy jacket
you fashion forward, i'm a poet slash scary black kid
scary jerry, extremely strong and very active
real n-ggas know and love me
i'm a crazy b-st-rd
never hating, yet i'm always getting hated on
i'm too abrasive for the players with the gators
women love me

they don't say its my amazing charm
they say i'm loving and generous as the day is long
but never p-ssy
n-gga push me, i'ma break his arm
counter-punching, every move you make is wrong
bullied brother uplift and celebrate the strong
now go get your f-cking shine box (?)
wait

[outro]

wait a minute, wait a minute
wait a minute, wait a minute
wait a minute, wait a minute
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JERU THE DAMAJA – AVERAGE NIGGA LYRICS

i met this honey named yolanda
you would not believe the things that i told her
she had potential so i thought that i would mold her (break it down son)
you would usually see me and her around town
she had this way that was so s-xy
everytime i think about it-makes me woozy
and her? was just so nice and juicy
plus a mind that you would not believe, no tricks up her sleeve
so we dated, like janet jackson, we waited
a while and waited and waited
i started to wonder would i ever get in it
finally the invitation was extended
with that i said "mi casa es su casa"
meet me at my pad tomorrow-about six o'clock
no question-the next day, we kissin' and caressin'
before long, we starts to undress and
with that i pulls out my pack of hats
she looks me dead in the eye and says "what's that?"
i said "don't tell me you don't know what condoms is for"
she says "yeah, but the average n-gg- i love to hit it raw"
and i said

i'm not your average n-gg-
no i'm not your average n-gg-
you can't get me, i'm not your average n-gg-

no, i'm not your average n-gg-
girlfriend, i'm not your average n-gg-
no, no i'm not your average n-gg-

(yo ru! yo these honeys be on some sh-t for real. yo tell me about the
other honey you was kickin' it to)

i met this honey named tamika
my intentions was more than just to freak her
since i'm gone i thought that i teach her (where'd you meet her at, black?)
the tunnel so you know it didn't happen like that
i got her name and her number
i said "girlfriend, i just wonder,
could you come home with me?" she said "uh-uh,
but you got the digits-ring me up tomorrow and see where it leaves ya at
we started speakin'

we planned to hook up that next weekend
we discussed the place of our meeting, she said "come to my projects,
sometimes n-gg-z be buggin, but i get mad respect"
so like a dummy, i went to scoop up this young honey
g-ssed up by the fat -ss and flat tummy
but when i rolled up
it start to look just like a set-up
now i'm mad hot, but this time i played it cool
recognized one n-gg- i used to run with in high school
i said "you know tamika?" he said "yeah i know the wh-r-"
got me on the elevator and led me to her door
when i rung the bell she was mad surprised
she flung the door wide open with a wild look in her eyes
i said, yo

i'm not your average n-gg-
you see, i'm not your average n-gg-
you can't get me cuz i'm not your average n-gg-

i'm not your average n-gg-
girlfriend, i'm not your average n-gg-
oh no, you know i'm not your average n-gg-

(scratch-"chain n-gg-"-scratch-"here you comin' but your steps are to loud.
standing on the corner, thought him was cool"-scratch-"chain n-gg-"

i met this honey named sabrina
i thought that this time this one would be the queen of
my dreams, but you know how that goes (god, i heard it before)
so let me tell you what happened one day i'm outside her door
and we're talking about how her ex-boyfriend be stalking
she said she thought she saw him when we were walking
but i said "don't worry about it,
put that sh-t to the side, and slide up in the crib"
so we're lampin', she's still shook up about what happened
i said "don't sweat it, he's probably just rappin'"
she said "little do you know,
last week he threw a brick threw my bedroom window"
i said "whatever, i don't think he's that crazy"
she said "you never, know where he may be"
all of a sudden, out of nowhere
the crazy mothaf-cka jumped out on me
i made him melt with a blow to the head
and before i bounced, this is what i said
i said

yo i'm not your average n-gg-
no, i'm not your average n-gg-
you can't get me cuz i'm not your average n-gg-

mista, i'm not your average n-gg-
no, i'm not your average n-gg-
oh no, you know, i'm not your average n-gg-

JERU THE DAMAJA – BITCHEZWIT DIKZ LYRICS

f/ lil dap, miz marvel

intro: jeru the damaja

yes yes

check it out right here now, knowwhatimean?

henryville, the m-th-f-ckin b-tchez wit dikz

that's in the midst,

of the real brothers whose the true wonders

knowhatimsayin? talkin all that sh-t about this and this and that

but fakin sh-t, i'mma drop it like this

{jeru the damaja

bad b-tches and techs, and sound affects

talk but skate like tara lipinski, when sh-t get hec-tic

out in brooklyn, too late you's a vick

and if spend major dough on a hoe, you a b-tch -ss trick

pimps and players, no i'm not a hater

'cause i smashed it off, she bust me down i ain't pay her

shoutin youse a regulator,

soft like c3po, but pop sh-t like darth vader

for princess leia, with flesh hard like sh-ggy

your booty, when sh-t get raw you doo like scooby

i'm sn-tching chains, mics and those platinum groupies

dutches, chins, and hips get twist

and let it be known, i eat ya'll p-ss-es like a p-rno movie

drop that b-tch with a d-ck, and get a n-gg- like this

chorus: jeru the damaja (miz marvel)

you never see him the in the ghetto (b-tchez wit dikz)

think they pimps, but they tricks (b-tchez wit dikz)

turn to states evidence (b-tchez wit dikz)

when beef come they skip (b-tchez wit dikz)

-b-tch!-

you never see him the in the ghetto (b-tchez wit dikz)

think they pimps, but they tricks (b-tchez wit dikz)

when beef come they skip (b-tchez wit dikz)

turn to states evidence (b-tchez wit dikz)

-b-tch!-

{lil dap

you n-gg-s are like east new york waste, spit in your face

open your mouth, swallow the taste, listen to the pace

it's like showin the love, the same thing as pullin the club

spit it out, ya hoes know what this sh-t is about

b-tchez wit d-cks, and make a n-gg- mad as sh-t

cough the cough, when singing thru the streets of new york

holdin it down, but wavin my banner all around

'cause these whole motherf-ckers, wanna round are town

thinkin they down, but don't know bk grounds

-b-tch!-

chorus

{miz marvel

the next contestant left to be a secret lethal weapon

against half steppin, n-gg-s is fake,

i scope them first impression

take the mics possession, with the greatest discretion

and quick wit, fully equipped, mental lie detection

ya eyes cross like an intersection

you forget to count your blessings, all in the mix

sold your soul for it's weight in gold bricks

b-tchez wit dikz, with chips like chicks

only talk with snares and t-ts

in the time of revolution, be the first to submit

try to be god, but there mental seem unfit

speakin mathematics, but quick to kiss a crucifix

won't admit that their style is rip and counterfeited

contradict, sell their men to bang their fit, a moving target
thrown into the bottomless pit, b-tchez wit dikz

chorus

(b-tch! scratched over and over)

JERU THE DAMAJA – BLACK COWBOYS LYRICS

[verse 1]

i heard some mc's wanna bring it
but a female is one of their strongest men
when i step to you don't seek refuge
make it happen, f-ck the rappin'
because i know i got that sewed
the first time i ever touched the microphone it glowed
now i explode, eruptin' like a n-gga that drunk too much
but not intoxicated...
as mental stress increase you'll need to be sedated
sick and tired of the izm schism
this time's a warning, after this we take it to pugilism
mash out the beedies, dreads spark up the corn
i flow muddy like the gutter after the rainstorm
my mission to seek, build or destroy
like deadwood d-ck, i be the black cowboy
and this is the showdown...

[scratched hook]

(i got the wild style...)

(black cowboy)

[verse 2]

after this mc's will wish to do battle with me
for their sake i hope that they apply the proper strategy
in any case, worst comes to worst i'll be the best
storms will come, this we know for sure, but can you stand the crash test?
there's no vest or no way you can get suited up
for what's about to happen, you might as well get zooted
i heard that ignorance is bliss, so i guess you're all blistered
the wrong move is made, like 40's in the ghetto your cap is quickly twisted
and just in case the first time you missed it
the wrong move is made, like 40's in the ghetto your cap is quickly twisted
livin' on a diet of flesh and mystic
i kicks the ballistics and keep it realistic
we shoot sh-t up like the hatfields and mccoys
perverted monks, the black cowboys
and this is the showdown...

[hook]

[verse 3]

it's a cryin' shame what some n-ggas'll do for fame

when they think they know the game
but i switch up the rules of the game
drops jewels in the game
the fluid is quite fatal, like water on the brain
i be the sheriff and i got mc's on the chain gang
continuous hard labour until the day that they hang
one outlaw tried to escape but i murdered his gang
right back at ya b-tch-ss just like a boomerang
or a bolo, you couldn't knock me out with apollo
the god is never chillin', hot like a volcano
once i met up with this bandolero
why'd he make me bust him in his head with his banjo?
i put mc's on the ceiling like michelangelo
did the sistine chapel
known to kick and grapple, so you couldn't test the real mccoys
the black cowboys
and this is the showdown...

[hook]

JERU THE DAMAJA – EAST NEW YORK STAMP LYRICS

[forest whitaker reading]

[jeru]

samurai linguist, others suck like ?conalingist?
i burn sh-t up like a poison p-n-s
make your whole style seem meaningless
match wits wit this
call your squad the hole of fortus
i swoop down like a dirty brooklyn pigeon
swing my sword wit precision
lightning speed blurs your vision
like a surgeon wit razor sharp incision
subconscious like hypnotism
water on the brain, the mental baptism
put your aura in prison
block up your chi, and bend your light like a prism

[afu-ra]

yeah, those walkin the dog stand personified
study lessons and plant seeds to fertilize
straight up, i slaughter the ? that's got the order
spit flyin straight at my mouth is holy water
i damage flows, on the mics crushin your matter
and saw you scatter, and couldn't put you back together
fist of ten rings, i'm scr-pin jews up out the gutter
hittin ya, splittin ya thoughts like forest whitaker
sick wit the, get wit the thoughts next to ?
utmost, you want lyrics, here's an overdose
preverb'll tell you wit styles, you'll be a ghost
i did it a lot, i been in the spot, i rip it alot
and now some motherf-ckas wanna try to scheme and plot
and takin chances in life like throwin dice
it's afu-ra, i return from death twice
you talkin bout skills? yeah yeah, i'm twice as nice
take it to the apex, and push it high-tech
these petty mc's, they picture-paintin hot s-x
i melt tracks, i bomb sets wit hot wax
you want some spiritual syllables wit the chemicals
murdered down eighty-five percent subliminal
ten percent, fire burn em wit my visual
five percent, we break bread all in the mental
i keep it comin like rotisserie, and missin me
straight up and down, i let you know i do it wickedly

[vocal sample]

[chorus x3: jeru]

it's the code of the samurai, prepare to die
know you'll die, brooklyn e-n-y

it's the code of the samurai...

JERU THE DAMAJA – FRIENDS LYRICS

[verse 1: jeru]

friends is a word that i use loosely
because you never know who these people may be
some you just miss them, you know from way back
when you used to dig brock and sn-tch chains and sell crack
rollin every day, getting high-er than a ball
but when you play them too close they'll be your downfall
fast going to the picture, many things have changed
now the same old friends start acting strange
you probably, fox with me
you even pop shots with me
but now you hissing like a snake so friends turn enemy
and it really dont matter what you've been through
cause your friend will f-ck your b-tch and put a bullet in you
sleep in your bed, drive your car, spend your ends
but these are the people that we call friends

[chorus:]

friends
how many of us have them
i have none
thought i had one
friends
how many of us have them
thought i had one
but i have none
friends, friends

[verse 2: jeru]

i re-member, we started out together
back then i said yo we be down forever
i always thought i was a brother to you
we were friends, tight, like the awesome two
but now look whats happened to you
putting your trust in the shady individuals
and get screwed, still i hope you fine
sometimes you cross my mind
constantly reminded by the sword marks on my spine
they say all wounds heal in time but not mine
nightmares of my friends creeping up from behind
bl-dy murder, while the crimes un-solved
a friends a friend until loot is involved
sell you out, for a house and a job

and spit on your grave in the end, but
these are the people that we call friends
friends

[verse 3: afu ra]

first things first
stop the jealousy and envy
i depend on minds, offkey, to fool enemies
like your homeboy with your wifey
you cant believe it
seeing is one thing
but hearing its some sh-t
every which way she dip
every thought was unpleasent
i got, carried away, did you free oj
cause i want her ???
i heard she did tricks
like vanessa suck your d-ck
on sunset strip
and my man flip
like see low dice on six
we used to sell crack
and do sticks for bricks
bustin shots at all, other criminals care
but they scared to do a mother f-cking bid
listen
now we rock
got a block thats hot
like b-boys on the block thats got all watch
dont get knocked, that my man
he had me here
could this be my hollow saying your my fam
but d-mn, you should have used kung-fu
a .22 or some type of voodoo
to sn-tch out my heart
cause friends are really enemies from the start

JERU THE DAMAJA – FRIENDS OR FOE LYRICS

[verse 1: jeru]

friends is a word that i use loosely
because you never know who these people may be
some you just miss them, you know from way back
when you used to dig brock and sn-tch chains and sell crack
rollin every day, getting high-er than a ball
but when you play them too close they'll be your downfall
fast going to the picture, many things have changed
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and it really dont matter what you've been through
cause your friend will f-ck your b-tch and put a bullet in you
sleep in your bed, drive your car, spend your ends
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[chorus]

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how many of us have them
i have none
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how many of us have them
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friends, friends

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[verse 3: maino]

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but they scared to do a mother f-cking bid
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got a block thats hot
like b-boys on the block thats got all watch
dont get knocked, that my man
he had me here
could this be my hollow saying your my fam
but d-mn, you should have used kung-fu
a .22 or some type of voodoo
to sn-tch out my heart
cause friends are really enemies from the start

JERU THE DAMAJA – GOD OF RHYMING LYRICS

[intro: jeru the damaja]

count me in

[hook: 3×]

jeru!

[verse 1: jeru the damaja]

i commit to sn+tcH up the drum

or flip on the back piper

devil [?] your nose trying bomb+rush my cypha

finesse chicks, finesse mics, finesse [?]

lyrical magician performing microphone tricks

sk!!lls are always strapped so play task for this troop+a

[?] the combat, i catch wreck hood+a

not a drug fanatic, still i stay charged on buddha

since the last dope, i guess i'm a dope shoot+a, root+a, toot+a

but not a cowboy, a wild+wild boy

you want mic wreck, then check the real mccoY

i'm slaying suckers like hat vills the fat mac k!!lls

with the rap sk!!lls, heat wheels like coal steel

i don't need a glock, cause i sling+sling in my slingshot

sk!!lls come down like waters and blow up the spot

a legend in my own timing, steadily climbing... ah f+ck it!

i'm the god of rhyming

[hook: 3×]

jeru!

[verse 2: jeru the damaja]

d+a, m+a, j+a, slay+a

punk n+gga on the spot as i rock this way

broke pump from jumps so all you crabs know the flave

i'm ripping up the tracks like the back a slaves

the masses are amazed by the way i flips it

psycho+kinetic energy manipulates it

so when snake stepped up for the 12 round+bout

like tyson from brooklyn, one round i put 'em out

science is the tool i use like a mechanic

so rhymes are dope, mechanically+incline

breaking comp like china, ain't a n+gga nicer, i'ma

maniac going wild with my nine

master of the sun, moon and stars are shining...

i'm the god of rhyming

[hook: 7×]

jeru!

[verse 3: jeru the damaja]

step to the brother on the mic and you'll find
you'll be struck dumb, like a punk sipping moonshine
no chance to recover, [?] scramble
f+cked up for life, s!ck you shouldn't have gambled
rhymes are [?], the hardcore hoodlum
i get wreck, respect and then some
some say weak glances and sucker advances
go scratch by your nuts, since your life taking chances
i'm here to put you on, in case you didn't know
you could get clapped in the gat, by the mac one+o
favorites that's shown, i flip a bother on crack+a
i be the hijacker maniac bushwacka!
heard many tales about the land of compton
but i don't give a f+ck cause brooklyn bothers stomping
combine line from the top of my head
smoke stupid sess and my pops is a dread
don't have a ride so i [?] junction
i'm not a chump, don't make a chump assumption
i see you scheming, but that don't phase the
damaja, so go ahead and flip with the razor
i see you sneaking up from behind
but don't you... trying challenge the god of the rhyme

JERU THE DAMAJA – GOING BACK TO PHILLY LYRICS

i'm going back to philly, philly, philly
i'm going back to philly... i don't think so
i'm going back to philly, philly, philly
i'm going back to philly... i don't think so

going back to philly, wilin', defilin'
drunk dialing, so violent
always in the sun

going back to philly
flippin' um, lickin' um
scoopin' over everything in sight

duster – flowin', abs – showin'
lookin' like you wanna take a bite

going back to philly
hip-hop non-stop
crush 'em with karate chops

your mom's the bomb like napalm in a wigwam
meet you at the deli

going back to philly
trashin', crashin'
developin' a rash and bustin' some moves

i'm going back to philly, philly, philly
i'm going back to philly... i don't think so
i'm going back to philly, philly, philly
i'm going back to philly... i don't think so

potential – small, losers – all
salty like the ocean

going back to philly
where craniums are poundin'
busted, encrusted in the hot morning sun

going back to philly
panderin', philanderin', slanderin', gerrymanderin'
always brush your teeth

baby- tannin', jihad – plannin'
throw the p-p, let's go

i'm going back to philly, philly, philly

i'm going back to philly... i don't think so

i'm going back to philly, philly, philly

i'm going back to philly... i don't think so

JERU THE DAMAJA – HARRIET TUBMAN LYRICS

so even though we faced some difficulties of today and tomorrow
i still have a dream
it is a dream deeply rooted in the american dream
i have a dream

us presidents conspire with foreign governments
charlize theron performing gender experiments
cops k!lling unarmed minorities sets the precedent
the nra is claiming that that sh+t is self defense
[?] history electronic fingerprints
although the game has changed my aim is still murdering ignorance
in my youthful days i expressed myself with insolence
i thought that i could change the world forgive me for my arrogance
staring at computer screens decrease social intelligence
folks yelling woke but ain't never left the continent
big pharma profit from chemical development
in 1846 americans were the immigrants
innocent men in the pen there's no penitence
doomed to a life behind bars and death sentences
social media is that anesthesia
we worried bout what's trending
what happened to free mumia
we need more than the [?] at this point oh yes
does that mean that we forgot the [?] not at all
does that mean that we forgot the oral tradition? not at all
but it means then that while maintaining those traditions we also must enhance other aspects
of our personality

racist rhetoric, homegrown terrorist
prisons, ptsd with no therapist, lgbt, pro+weed and feminist
picking any rapper's instagram zombie apocalypse
original man proven by archeologists
still here to nourish the seeds eternal botanist
more beef for the block [?] with a plot twist
real dudes make moves maintain radio silence
promoting f+ckery they like stop the violence
lies for truth on my square daily maintenance
bide your time see there's virtue and patience
greatness faced down in the hood on the pavement
multimillionaire n+gga mental enslavement
hot lead liberated from its full metal encas+m+nt
l+st for fame got us all buggin'
clowns are shucking and jiving like f+ck harriet tubman

JERU THE DAMAJA – ME NOT THE PAPER LYRICS

("cause ain't no fiends coming in between me an my dreams
see what i mean black? i gets the paper")

microphone thugs flip keys and sh-t
remember the 80's when n-gg-s was acting crazy?
the mean streets raised me
i used to live dangerously
admist crack selling armed dangerous felons
plus murderers drug spot burglars
n-gg-s doing anything to acquire that paper
live the life of crime but got saved by the rhyme
peace to all my n-gg-s doing time on top of time
plus the ones gunned down in their prime
i made it this far because of divine design
diamond chains the sun still outshines
i get you drunk off my drink like that champagne wine
as long as there's breath left, i father the fatherless
if sh-t was real brooklyn would sn-tch that chain off your chest
don't fess, we know why you rock that vest
hard on records, but really p-ssy, check it
i do this for me, and not the paper, strictly 100%

("cause ain't no fiends coming in between me an my dreams
see what i mean black? i gets the paper")

it started way before super rhymes
peace to mom dukes for enduring hard times
god bless all the victims of my past life crimes
i do this for the ghetto youth living like good times
flipping rhymes saved me from the obvious traps
in '97 studio hustlers puch crack on wax
and breaking backs, but faking jacks
if it wasn't for contracts, they wouldn't bust caps
so, destroy your people and collect huge stacks
fat axe, and platinum plaques
come bring it back, rewind it that old gangster bullsh-t
got the youth running around criminal minded
not a player hater, just don't chase the paper
got a little deal so some heads caught the vapors
so stupid motherf-ckers throw your guns in the air
to all my n-gg-s that ain't make it past their 19th year
i do it for me, and not the paper, stictly 100%, nah mean?

("cause ain't no fiends coming in between me an my dreams
see what i mean black? i gets the paper")

sinister plots, every week who got shot
spots like the enterprise kept the neighborhood hot
n-gg-s bugging out so some receive toe tags
resting up north with f-g or sporting sh-t bags
when i think back it's so sad
all the n-gg-s that i had, who'd ever figure that it'd get so bad?
so i retreat with a pen and a pad
hide your chain when you ride the train
for writing rhymes about automatic weapons
i'd rather steer the youth in the right direction
drop a bomb, destroy the temple's? sen section?
little girls already s-xing
hard rock shorties is flexing
but i stick to my lessons, no stress
cause if sh-t was real, brooklyn would sn-tch that chain off your chest
don't fess, we know why you rock that vest
hard on records, but really p-ssy, check it
i do this for me, and not the paper, strictly 100%, know what i'm saying?

("cause ain't no fiends coming in between me an my dreams
see what i mean black? i gets the paper")

JERU THE DAMAJA – POWER LYRICS

we're going to talk about the image of black men in our society
control their history
black men are six times more likely than white men to be murder victims
control their images
they're two and a half times more likely to be unemployed
don't teach them who they are
they finish last in practically every socioeconomic measure from infant mortality to life expectancy
whoever controls the mind, will also control the body

sometimes i question, why i even gave a f+ck
i look back young, black, proud and so fed up
my mental state it's obvious that the system's corrupt
cause some commotion and maybe we could shake it up
but now i realize i wasn't mentally mature enough
how the saying go a little knowledge can be dangerous
though things have changed the power still remains in us
so don't let the pain leave you acrimonious
black, white, yellow, brown they're all social constructs
created to separate, so now hate is the by-product
in '85 the fbi flooded the hood with product
because of that a lot of cats grew up with no fathers
cointelpro to stop the global expansion
excuse me if i don't sing the national anthem
now i write rhymes as i cool in my mansion
unity's the enemy that's why they murdered fred hampton
power to the people
power, power, power to the people
power to the people
power to the people
power, power, power to the people
power to the people
power, power, power to the people
i am a revolutionary

let's talk about the image of the black man in america

i often ponder, do people even give a f+ck
and wonder why children don't hate, is compassion innate
how we choose malevolence over let's correlate
thinking that we're unlike, but in fact cognate
unity makes it difficult to subjugate
in the abundance of water make sure you hydrate

i've been laying low but still the underground advocate
the choice is yours, devil or god incarnate
good or bad people make the world rotate
bad or good, it's the point of view that you take
some give and some just take
some people are real and others are just fake
wait, what's true what's false, sometimes it's misconstrued
pay attention, be alert, show gratitude
throughout my travels i've learned one thing
unity's the enemy that's why they k!lled dr. king baby
power to the people
power, power, power to the people
power to the people
power to the people
power, power, power to the people
power to the people
power, power, power to the people
i am a revolutionary

and if people had been educated they would understand that we don't hate white people, we
hate the oppressor whether he be white, black, brown or yellow

i am a revolutionary

JERU THE DAMAJA – REVENGE OF THE PROPHET (PART V) LYRICS

well prophet, it seems like you're in a bit of a jam
i hope you can unstick yourself
oh, and what you did to my wife
it was nothing, i have others
the saga continues
it's been a while since i escaped the library
fightin' ignorance every day, it's gettin' weary
when i think i got him, he pulls a slip on me
and there's so many soldiers in his fiendish -ss army
one of the fiercest, is this n-gg- named tricknology
the last time we met, he got the drop on me
sh-t happens so fast he even got some of my family
blasted my way up out the building when i catch him, i'ma kill him
track him uptown, where i hear he's lyin' to children
1 2 5th's the stop, go outside i hear gunshots run up the block
greedy lou's dead in front of the materialistic crack spot
trick's yellin' out, "this is my block"
i would've hit him, but i didn't have a clear shot
an innocent bystander might get popped
d-mn, a small thang 'cause the prophet still can't be stopped
what? that's right, this is my motherf-ckin' life
tricknology, you know what i'm sayin'?
you know me, you can't front on me
i'm in a f-cked up position but if he squeezes again, i'ma lift 'em
a few seconds later now here comes the siren
oh sh-t, it's the pork chop patrol their on ignorance's payroll
and they only came to hold
tricknology down, scoop greedy lou off the ground
throw him in the back of a truck one yells
?what the f-ck n-gg- ya lookin' at? now get the f-ck outta here"
then i get that feeling that i feel when danger is in the air
then out of nowhere one yells out, "the prophet's over there"
immediately following mad lead is in the air
pigs are all posted up like they knew i'd be here
through in the back and forth my gun gets lost
but i managed to get one high powered thought off
i split 6 pigs that got sawed off
as their bodies break south i proceed to break north
now sh-t is lookin' dim and you'd think all maybe lost
but the prophet won't go out at any cost
you can never stop the prophet
[incomprehensible]

unit's 1 and 2, unit's 1 and 2 the prophet has been sighted
if you see him kill him
can't a d-mn thing stop me
i head toward the train station
my force did stop most of the ammunition
still i need medical attention
but i'm not b-tchin', gettin' ignorance is my mission
all of a sudden greedy lou comes creepin'
around the corner talkin' 'bout prophet you're a gonner
we knew you followed trick uptown because you wanna
get rid of ignorance but that don't make no sense
he runs the world i know this from experience
why don't you come and work wit us
you'll see the boss' game is nice
that night greedy lou died twice
now i'm wanted, pork chop patrol has a warrant
but that still can't stop the prophet
here ye, here ye
the court of ignorance is now in session
we, judge and the jury find the prophet
guilty in the murder of greedy lou
one of our close personal homeboys
so for that the sentence is death
when you find him execute him

JERU THE DAMAJA – SO RAW (PL) LYRICS

[verse 1: jeru the damaja]

its the raw high majestic
universally respected, divinely protected
many mics molested by my rhyming method
dirty rotten from bk to pl
think i fell off
you got jokes like dave chappelle
call me waldo
cause you don't know where i'm at in the world
international rhyme shark
marksman like william tell
the original
the n+ggas more b+tch than a sh+m+l+
all that rah+rah
you'd probably be a girl in the cell
lord's my witness
i'm giving these cats the business
knocking back shots of vodka
with my foolish gangster princess
on christmas
that's everyday the way i shoot the gift
in some parts of the world
they call me black st. nicholas
ridiculous amounts of style
flowing out of my orifice
spit nasty sh+t
like what went out of that b+tch in the exorcist
if you insist
i could fulfill your death wish
peep this raw hardcore
and fatter than wilson fisk

[hook x2]

so

tell your peeps about it
tell your cl!ck about it
tell your people 'bout it
tell 'em all about it
we so raw
we so raw
we so raw
we so raw
tell your cl!ck about it

tell your peeps about it
tell your crew about it
tell 'em all about it
we so raw
we so raw
we so raw
we so raw

[verse 2: peja]

sprawdź zawodnika który fika tyle lat brat
mieszam rap tak jak zawodnicy style walki w klatkach
na bicie petarda to ten czas by znów nagrać
na ulicach leży prawda, czuć ból z tego miasta
mamy się dobrze to (?) jest pogrzeb
gadamy mądrze, najwyższy nas poprze
nowe colabo to kolejny postęp
zawsze na (?) omijam (?)
w trasie najostrzej jedziemy w polską
gdzie kolwiek dotrze, to będzie grubo
rps, ostry, jeru i reszta
rodziny album, słabi się gubią
nie umiem stać z boku
w centrum uwagi z ziomkiem
ty nie prowokuj koło
bo obiad zjesz przez słomkę
ja wolę zbić piątkę
jestem (?) pojebem
nie po to kleję wersy
żeby zaliczyć glebę
chcesz mięsa więcej, to rzucę ci mięsem
jestem jak sensei choć mawia big daddy
jak w czasach 90s (?)
strzelam słowami, liryczny karabin
daras ma pady, to dzień zagłady
rytmy nabija jak członek (?)
szybszy niż jessie na stówę w berlinie
jak (?) wygrywamy
[hook x2]
so
tell your peeps about it
tell your cl!ck about it
tell your people 'bout it
tell 'em all about it
we so raw

we so raw

we so raw

we so raw

tell your cl!ck about it

tell your peeps about it

tell your crew about it

tell 'em all about it

we so raw

we so raw

we so raw

we so raw

[verse 3: o.s.t.r.]

jebani się chwalą dziś

jakby posiadali talon

na kurwę i balon wstyd

mało im podpalimy ich razem

robiąc jatkę brat daj ognia prosto w mordę

wytknę tobie ową prawdę jak wariograf

może zobaczyć co może cię spotkać

nie wytłumaczę ci projekt tego czego rozsądek

nie nauczy ciebie przez soundtrack

od tak kolano pięść (?) i bomba

cel, w oczy zagląda stres

nie moja wina że jest nas wkurwisz

będzie podli fest

bałuty, poznań [bleeh] (?)

łdz parano

jazda noc i dzień paradoks

diabła świat nam (?) chaos

trze do gardła, (?) do szpiku kości

nie przejmuję nas dystans

tylko smak życia

bezlitosny instynkt w naszych myślach

nie ma że nie chcę

zmienia się w (?)

(?)

nie wierzę w ten cel

(?)

zniewolą serce

(?)

zobaczysz ten dzień

(?)

bogiem nie jestem

jestem jak wszyscy
zły, zmęczony, wkurwiony
na świat przede wszystkim, bo?
[hook x2]

so

tell your peeps about it
tell your cl!ck about it
tell your people 'bout it
tell 'em all about it

we so raw

we so raw

we so raw

we so raw

tell your cl!ck about it
tell your peeps about it
tell your crew about it
tell 'em all about it

we so raw

we so raw

we so raw

we so raw

JERU THE DAMAJA – VERSES OF DOOM LYRICS

[produced by muskabeatz]

(jeru the damaja...)

(...and it goes like this)

for all you new jacks that never heard me spit
bring beats, rhymes, and freaks and watch me split sh-t
bang like bloods and crips
too legitimate to quit
mc's talk big but sonic waves crack your helmet
before long, the chicken heads crush they pelvic
bones, i blow up spot-slam microphones
thinkin' 'bout pacing? dog, adjust yo' tone
f-ck rhymin', i leave your eyes shinin' like chrome
rims, main course, knuckle sandwich and .10's
try and wet me, i multiply like gremlins
i'm a vet in the game, i know the outs and ins
still, i'm constantly beefin' like cowboys and indians
outlaw star, like gene starwind kickin' that crazy sh-t like a soccer hooligan
so money break yourself, you know what's good for your health
call me ninja not n-gga cuz i move in stealth
mode, after this joint your headphones explode
i rhyme in beeps and blips so i can rhyme in morse code
flow like ocean, salt water erode
when the mic is in my grip it is sure to corrode, and
i glide across the beat like jordan
leave compet-tion hole-y like a mormon
potent as dust, i have you all stumblin'
smoke too much, you sp-ce the f-ck out like flash gordon
rock this sh-t, from mornin' to mornin'
it's so hot it have rappers wanna stop recordin'
sort of superman, so lois lane reportin'
swing like spidey, so chumps hate me like jay jonah jameson
if i miss i take aim again
throwin' fire like the human torch and leavin y'all f-ggots flamin'
play yo' f-ckin' self if you think i'm gamin'
create earthquakes that have your core tremblin'
be number 9 like the love potion
can't clock my moves cuz i move in slow motion
(motion)
(motion)
(motion... and it goes like this)

verses of doom, from jeru the damaja...

[scratched] for all you new jacks

verses of doom, from jeru the damaja...

[scratched] sonic waves crack yo' helmet

verses of doom, from jeru the damaja...

[scratched] for all you new jacks

verses of doom, from jeru the damaja...

[scratched] i'm a vet in the game

doom...

[scratched] sonic waves crack yo' helmet

doom...

[scratched] sonic waves

JERU THE DAMAJA – WIZUN LYRICS

[intro]

slang is a vocabulary that is used between people who belong to the same social group and who know each other well

slang is a delicate form of language

it can offend people if it is used about other people or [about a group of people who know each other well?]

we usually use slang in speaking rather than writing

slang normally refers to particular words or meanings but can include longer expressions and idioms

[verse]

[hahaha good luck to whoever decides to transcribe this?]

JERU THE DAMAJA – YOU CAN'T STOP THE PROPHET (PETE ROCK REMIX) LYRICS

guy 1: ohhh! yo look towards the darkness

guy 2: nah nah yo, look towards the light

guy 1: yo what! oh what the? yo what is that?

guy 2: it's a supernova

guy 1: nah nah man, that's a black hole

guy 2: yo! yo!

guy 1: yo!

1 + 2: yo it's.. it's.. it's?!!!

(the prophet)

i, leap over lies in a single bound

(who are you?) the black prophet

one day i got struck by knowledge of self

it gave me super-scientifical powers

now i, run through the ghetto

battlin my, arch nemesis mr. ignorance

he's been tryin to take me out since the days of my youth

he feared this day would come

i'm hot on his trail, but sometimes he slips away

because he has an army, they always give me trouble

mainly – hatred, jealousy and envy they attack me

they think they got me

but i use my super-science and i twist all three

i see sparks over that buildin – they're shootin at me

i dip, do a backflip

then hit em in the heart with sharp steel bookmarks

ignorance hates when i drop it

but no matter, what he do.. he can't stop the prophet

(deceit)

yo prophet, yo prophet, c'mere real quick

yo i just saw ignorance downtown, let me put you on

(girl #2)

word, he down there buggin

he got them illin out, they shootin and everything else..

(the prophet)

let's continue the saga, mad mad drama

i met this chick, she said she knew where ignorance was at

i said, "where?" she said, "downtown"

he had babies havin babies – and young n-ggas sellin crack

i think the b-tch is lyin, it's a set up
i can smell it, but ignorance is runnin rampant
aight baby show me the exact spot
meet me at hoyt and schermerh-rn at 3 on the dot
so i hops up on the a-train, i'm bein followed
my seventh sense senses danger
i turn around, it's anger
and he brought a mob along, it's the same old song
despair and animosity got broke with the swiftness
i don't know what they think this is
i feel a sharp pain in my neck now i can't see, i'm like hiram
they hit me with the dart filled with the pork chop serum
i tried to hold on but before long i dropped
when i awoke i was locked in the barber's shop
trapped in the barber's chair
oh no, they're gonna try and cut my hair
but that can't stop the prophet

(anger)

yo prophet!

ignorance is tired of you followin him around
we about to put an end to that right now
anamosity (yea!) despair (yo wh-ssup?) get him!!

{dj premier cuts and scratches: "can't a d-mn thing stop me"}

(the prophet)

a few minutes p-ssed by, i hear a buzzin noise
it was that chick with some of ignorance's boys
she said, "prophet, we got you beat;
by the way i'm mr. ignorance's wife, deceit
but enough talk; now for your hair cut.."
when the clippers touched my hair, they blew the f-ck up
after the explosion there was no one left
cause i know dim mak/poison hand/touch of death
my vision's still kinda blurry, but i see a clue
ignorance is at the library
i hurry, with lightning speed like the flash
he's at the big one, on grand, army plaz'
when i get inside the doors shut and the lights go off
d-mn, another trap
i hear a hissin sound, i smell a funny smell
i gasp, i can't breathe
ignorance is laughin at me
waitin on my downfall, but he can't stop the prophet

(mr. ignorance)

well prophet

it seems like you're in a bit of a jam

i hope you can unstick yourself

oh, and what you did to my wife, it was nothing

i have others

hahahahahaha... hahahahaha.. hahahahahah...

"the saga continues!"